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# Northern Messenger

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## How to be Young at 80!

(The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in 'Good Words.')

Some people regard old age as a disgrace, and practice cunning devices to conceal it. Their wigs and other pretences wear out and expose their folly; for Solomon declares that a hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

That old age is an incurable malady is only partially true, for some vigorous persons pass fourscore years without ever having caught it; or they have it so lightly that nobody suspects them. 'Old' is a relative term, after all. I have known people who were rather pitiably old at fifty, and when I met that swift-footed Christian, William E. Dodge, senior, at the age of seventy-five, with the brisk gait of a boy, and with scarcely a grey hair on his head, I said to him:

'You are one of the youngest men in New York.'

How to keep young—that is the problem; and it is a vitally important problem, for life, and to bring in the largest revenue of it really means how to make the most of service for the Master.

Supposing that a man has a fairly good and unmortgaged constitution to start with, there are several practices and methods to ward off the infirmities of a premature old age.

The first and most important is to keep the Commandments. Our Creator has written certain laws on our moral bodies—laws as irrepealable as those written on the stone tables of Sinai; laws for the breach of which Jesus Christ has made no atonement. To squander vital resources by violating those laws, or even by neglecting them, is an unpardonable sin.

There are suicides in Christian churches—yes, in some Christian pulpits! Rigid care as to a digestible diet does not mean fussiness. It means a clear head, clear blood, and a chance of longevity. Stimulants are dangerous just in proportion as they become indispensable. Hard brainwork, hearty eating, and no physical exercise are the short road to a minister's grave. That famous patriarch of the New England pulpit, Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, who was vigorous at ninety-five used to say: 'I always get up from the table a little hungry.' The all-comprehensive rule of diet is very simple—whatever harms more than it helps, let alone. Wilful dyspepsia is an abomination to the Lord.

A second essential to a healthy longevity is the repair of our resources by sound and sufficient sleep. Insomnia is worse than any of the plagues of Egypt; it kills a man or woman by inches. How much sleep is absolutely necessary to bodily vigor must be left to Nature; she will tell you if you don't fool with her. 'Burning the midnight oil' commonly means burning up life before your time. Morning is the time for work.

When a man who has as much strain on his brain and on his nervous sensibilities as most ministers have goes to his bedroom, he should school himself to the habit of dismissing all thought about outside matters. If he has difficulty in doing this, he should pray for Divine help to do it. This suggestion is as applicable to hard-worked business men and to care-laden wives and housekeepers as it is to ministers or brainworkers in any profession.

That wonderful physical and mental phenomenon of his century, Mr. Gladstone,

## 'Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me.'

One day the disciples began to talk together about which of them should be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. And Jesus called a little child to Him, and when He had taken him in His arms, He said to them, 'Whoever will receive one of such children in My name receiveth Me, and whosoever shall receive Me receiveth not Me but Him that sent Me.' And He told the apostles that they must be as gentle and humble as little children if they would be the first, and the proud the last.

Our Lord loved little children very much. Soon after this, some mothers brought their children and infants to Jesus that He might touch and bless them; but the apostles told them to go away and not to trouble the Lord. When Jesus knew it He was very angry, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and do not forbid them, for of such is the Kingdom of God.' And He took the little ones in His arms, put His hand upon them, and blessed them. How good and kind Jesus was! Little children ought to love Him with all their heart, and be very good to please Him.—'Footsteps of the Master.'

once told me that he had made it a rule to lock every affair of State and every care outside his bedroom door. To this excellent habit he attributed his sound sleep, and to his refreshing sleep he largely attributed his vigorous longevity. Paddy's rule is a good one—'When you slape, pay attintion to it.' Personally, I may remark that it is to a full quota of slumber at night and a brief nap after a noon meal that I owe fifty-nine years of steady work without a single Sunday on a sick-bed.

To keep young, every man or woman should endeavor to graduate their labors according to their age. After threescore-and-ten lighten up the loads. It is overwork that wears out life; just as it is the driving of a horse after he is tired that hurts him and shortens his days. But while excess of labor is injurious to the old, an entire cessation from all labor is still worse. A workless life is commonly a worthless life. If a minister lays off the burdens of the pastorate, let him keep the tools sharp by a ministry at large with pen and tongue. When a merchant or tradesman retires from business for himself, let him serve the public, or aid Christ's cause by enlisting in enterprises of philanthropy.

Rust has been the ruin of many a bright intellect. The celebrated Dr. Archibald Alexander, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, kept young by doing a certain amount of intellectual work every day so that he should not lose his touch. He was as full of sap the day before his death as he was when a missionary in Virginia at the age of two-and-twenty. He prepared and often used a prayer that was so beautiful that I quote a portion of it.

'O, most merciful God, cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not if my strength faileth. May my hoary head be found in righteousness. Preserve my mind from dotage and imbecility, and my body from protracted disease, and excruciating pain. Deliver me from despondency in my declining years, and enable me to bear with patience whatever may be Thy holy will. I humbly ask that my reason may be continued to the last, and that I may be so comforted and supported that I may leave my testimony in favor of the reality of religion and of Thy faithfulness in fulfilling Thy gracious promises.'

A sore temptation to the aged is a tendency to querulousness and pessimism. While we cherish and cling to many of the things that are old, and are all the better for having been tested, let us not seek to put our eyes in the back of our heads and live only in the past. Keep step with the times; keep sympathy with young hearts. A ten-minutes' chat or play with a grandchild may freshen you more than an hour spent with an old companion or over an old book.

Above all, keep your hearts in the love of God, and walk in the warm sunshine of Christ's countenance. Our autumn ought to be about the most golden period of life.

## A Fatal Mistake.

'Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'

A young man in a boat, while hunting near New Haven, broke an oar. A sudden rain storm was coming up, but he was so desirous of securing a duck he had shot that he neglected to go ashore while he could. The squall drove him far from land, and with but one oar he soon found himself helplessly drifting rapidly out to sea. Finally, seeing no hope of safety by his own exertions, he took his handkerchief and tied it to the oar, and held it up to attract attention of others, should any vessel come in sight. After weary waiting, a sloop was at length seen making for him, and as soon as it was within hailing distance of the boat the captain bade the man jump alongside, as it was sailing fast under a strong wind. The order was obeyed. He jumped and caught the taffrail with both hands. 'Saved!' you say. No; for no sooner had he seized hold than he was pulled back, fell into the water, and was seen no more, as the sloop dashed onward in its course. He had tied the boat's painter about his loins, and so the weight of the boat dragged him down into a watery grave. In trying to save his game he was driven out to sea; and then, in trying to save his boat, he lost his life. Had he divested himself of every weight and leaped unfettered into that ark of safety, which for an instant was within his reach, he would have been saved. Oh, the folly of those who are anxious to save trifles and reckless in risking all—who hesitate to lay aside every weight, and the sin that so easily besets them, and thus forever perish. Did they say, as Toplady, 'Nothing in my hands I bring'; did they drop what was dear to them, as a right hand or eye, for the sake of eternal life, they would gain heaven.

He that forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be Christ's disciple. If there be love of money, or fear of hardship, or dread of ridicule, or choice of pleasure—whatever it is that fetters and loads down the soul, there is no hope of heaven. The gate is narrow. There is no room for the balky appendages with which the self-righteous, or worldly, or covetous burden themselves. To dream of thus entering heaven is a fatal mistake. But by giving up all, we gain all. By dropping the toys of time, we receive the wealth of eternity.—'Church Union.'

## 'We Pray Thee.'

Most gracious Father, hear our prayer
While we before Thee bow;
Upon each heart and mind, Oh, Lord,
Thy bounteous grace bestow.

Let heavenly breezes waft their breath,
Upon each droopng head;
The fragrance of Thy wondrous love,
Around us do Thou shed.

Cheer us if we discouraged be,
Or filled with anxious care,
Uplift the burden. Thou, dear Lord,
For us did'st burdens bear.

If weak in body, strengthen, heal,
According to Thy will;
We know 'Thou doest all things well';
Therefore we'll 'fear no ill.'

Show us the worth of kindness, Lord,
Of loving cheering words;
Our daily life sweet joy and peace,
Commune with Thee affords.

Dispel the shadows of our lives,
By brightness of Thy light;
Our grateful hearts with gladness fill;
And all our way make bright.

Forgive our sins and keep us pure,
As Thou would'st have us be;
So when we reach the 'eventide,'
We'll dwell fore'er with Thee.

—Annie T. MacHardy.

## To Venture Eternity Upon.

Dr. Watts was nearing the gates of the city of God, for the sands of life had almost run out. He had born his infirmities in a calm and Christian spirit.

When engaged in conversation with a friend on the eternal verities of the Gospel, he said that he remembered how an aged minister used to say that the most learned and wise Christians, when they came to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support as the common and unlearned.

'And so,' said he, 'I find it. I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be confirmed more in the truth of the Christian religion, or in the truth of its promises. For I believe them enough to venture an eternity upon them.'

A testimony like this is worth remembering. In days of health and strength, scholars discuss the great doctrines of theology and the perplexing problems of life. But in view of meeting God in the spirit world, it is enough to be able to trust the promises of the simple Gospel.

In the stress and strain of daily life the knowledge that all God's promises are Yea and Amen in Christ, has brought hope into many a trying circumstance. These same promises are quite as true and reliable when the angel of death is near.

It is just what God's promises are intended to be, viz., our stay in life, our comfort in trouble our joy in sorrow and our hope in death.

Each divine promise is like an immovable rock in a stormy sea. No matter how the waves surge and roll, seethe and foam, the rock just stands fast for ever.—'Friendly greetings.'

## Peace Amid War.

A story has been told of an incident which happened while Lord Roberts was commanding the British troops in South Africa. On one occasion, when the army was sweeping across the country, Lord Roberts entered a small Boer homestead. As the commander did not return, his military attendant knocked and asked the intentions of his lordship. Imagine the astonishment of the aide-de-camp to find the great soldier sitting at a table with a small child on his knee, to whom he was explaining the alphabet with the assistance of a slate and pencil. There was peace in the midst of warlike surroundings, and the great commander was quietly engaged in helping the tiny child to do the allotted lessons. A greater than he was peacefully engaged amid the storm of the lake. He was able to hush the noise of the storm by an authoritative command. "Peace be still." And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.'—'The Christian.'

## A Lifebelt for Each.

A minister recently told of an incident in his own life. On one occasion he was crossing from Belfast to Fleetwood by steamer, when quite a storm was brewing. In various parts of the vessel a conspicuous notice was posted to the effect that a sufficient number of lifebelts were on board, so that each passenger might be certain of having one. As the minister retired to rest in his cabin he instinctively felt for the lifebelt which had been provided for him, and though the wind was howling, slept in perfect safety because of the safeguard ready at hand. When the story was afterwards related to his congregation by the minister, it proved a means of great comfort to a certain listener who afterwards, as she lay dying, sent for her pastor and thanked him for the lifebelt for her own soul to which he had directed her. With a strong faith in God, we shall not be afraid, as were the disciples. 'Master, carest Thou not that we perish?' will not escape our lips, but we shall have implicit trust, because there is a Lifebelt for each and all of us.—'The Christian.'

## The Victorian India Orphan Society.

Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside Street, Winnipeg, the treasurer of the Victorian India Orphan Society, acknowledges, with thanks, a kind contribution of $5 from 'An Ontario friend,' towards the furtherance of the Orphanage work.

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# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Weed Your Own.

If you are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself and see you do not shirk
The common little ways of being kind.

If you are dreaming of a future goal,
When, crowned with glory; men shall own your power,
Be careful that you let no struggling soul
Go by unaided in the present hour.

If you are moved to pity for the earth,
And long to aid it, do not look so high,
You pass some poor, dumb creature faint with thirst,
All life is equal in the eternal eye.

If you would help to make the wrong things right,
Begin at home; there lies a lifetime's toil.
Weed your own garden fair for all men's sight,
Before you plan to till another's soil.

—Selected.

## Being Worth Knowing.

A girl, eager, ambitious, restless for many things, once heard two sentences that changed much of her life. They were these: 'Would you be known?. Then be worth knowing.'

In a flash she saw how cheap an ambition hers had been, and how selfish. Who was she to long for the friendship of high souls? What had she to give in return for the treasure of their lives? Would she, as she was, even understand their language?

In humility and sorrow she prayed again—no longer that she might be known, but that, in God's good time, her own life might grow strong and beautiful, that she might prove worthy of all blessings that were given her. Then, since God in his wisdom teaches us to answer many of our own prayers, she began to study, to read, and to think, and to try to love greatly. So years passed.

Did she become known?. Never as in her girlish dreams. But she found something far, far better. For she learned that to be known is nothing, and to try to be worth knowing that one may be known is less than nothing; but to lift one's soul to highest living, because one will not be satisfied with lesser things, is a task whose joy deepens with every passing year and reaches on into God's eternity.—'Forward.'

## Perfect Through Suffering.

I kept for nearly a year the flask-shaped cocoon of an emperor moth. It is very peculiar in its construction. A narrow opening is left in the neck of the flask, through which the perfect insect forces its way, so that a forsaken cocoon is as entire as one still tenanted, no rupture of the interlacing fibres having taken place. The great disproportion between the means of egress and the size of the imprisoned insect makes one wonder how the exit is ever accomplished at all—and it never is without great labor and difficulty. It is supposed that the pressure to which the moth's body is subjected in passing through such a narrow opening, is a provision of nature for forcing the juices into the vessels o. the wings, these being less developed at the period of emerging from the chrysalis than they are in other insects.

I happened to witness the first efforts of my prisoned moth to escape from its long confinement. During a whole forenoon, from time to time, I watched it patiently striving and struggling to get out. It never seemed able to get beyond a certain point, and at last my patience was exhausted. Very likely the confining fibres were drier and less elastic than if the cocoon had been left all winter on its native heather, as nature meant it to be. At all events I thought I was wiser and more compassionate than its Maker, and I resolved to give it a helping hand. With the point of my scissors I snipped the confining threads to make the exit just a very little easier, and, lo! immediately, and with perfect ease, out crawled my moth, dragging a huge swollen body and little shrivelled wings. In vain I watched to see that marvellous process of expansion in which these silently and swiftly develop before one's eyes; and as I traced the exquisite spots and markings of divers colors which were all there in miniature, I longed to see these assume their due proportions, and the creature to appear in all its perfect beauty, as it is, in truth, one of the loveliest of its kind. But I looked in vain. My false tenderness had proved its ruin. It never was other than a stunted thing, crawling painfully through that brief life which it should have spent flying through the air on rainbow wings.

The lesson I got that day has often stood me in good stead. It has helped me to understand what the Germans mean when they speak of the hardness of God's love. I have thought of it often when watching with pitiful eyes those who were struggling with sorrow, suffering, and distress; and it has seemed to me that I was more merciful than God, and would fain cut short the discipline, and give deliverance. Short-sighted fool! How know I that one of these pangs or groans could be spared? The far-sighted, perfect love that seeks the perfection of its object does not weakly shrink from present, transient suffering. Our Father's love is too true to be weak. Because he loves his children, he chastises them, that they may be partakers of his holiness. With this glorious end in view, he spares not for their crying. Made perfect through sufferings, as the Elder Brother was, the sons of God are trained up to obedience, and brought to glory through much tribulation.—'Family Herald.'

## The Vindication of Lydia Frances.

By Marcia M. Selman.

Lydia Frances stood in the corner of the school-yard, nervously folding and unfolding the hem of her pink spotted apron. A group of a half-dozen larger girls whispered together not less than a yard away. Between the whispers they looked at Lydia Frances. Lydia Frances looked back at them consciously and perhaps a little defiantly.

She was a sturdy little creature of ten years, who would have attracted no attention for her beauty, though she had wonderful eyes and a frank expression of countenance. Her hair was short and straight. Her nose was a snub. Her face and hands were brown with tan.

Nor would her dress have excited admiration, for she was very simply attired in a brown flannel gown and the aforesaid pink dotted apron. Her shoes were stout and rough, and were tied with leather shoe-strings. These strings were the very gall of bitterness to the soul of Lydia Frances. She was even more troubled by them than by her name, which she had inherited from her two grandmothers. If she could have chosen the appellative by which she was to be known among men, she would have been called 'Mabel' or 'Stella' or 'Flora May,' like some of the girls she knew, who wore prettier gowns than hers and who never suffered the mortification of wearing leather strings in their shapely kid shoes.

But Lydia Frances she was, and the fact was emphasized every day by everybody that spoke to her. Her brother, Thomas Henry, was often called 'Tom.' Her father and the boys at school could not often take the time to address him otherwise. But nobody was hurried into the necessity of abbreviation in her case. If her mother called her to wipe the dishes, it was by a prolonged 'Lydia Fran-ces!' If one of the school children had a piece of news to impart, it was prefaced by 'O Lydia Frances! I want to tell you something!' And, though her teachers at day school and Sunday school pronounced her name lightly and sweetly, they, too, said unmistakably 'Lydia Frances.'

It was a good, honest, durable name, her parents thought, and quite suitable for the youngest of a family of six children, whose father and mother were commonplace, hard-working farm-folks. And there were times when the child herself was not troubled about it or the leather shoe-strings. When she fed the hens, or chased the turkeys, or tramped to the pasture to drive home the cows, her heart was so filled with the happiness born of the responsibilities of her occupation that there was no room in it for repining. Still less did she feel like murmuring against her lot when she sat conning her much-loved books in the village school-house, or ran romping over the playground at recess. She was the brightest scholar in her class, and the acknowledged leader in the games outside; and of many of the pleasantest of these she was the originator.

There had been neither laughter nor games to-day. Something had happened that had been at once a humiliation for the many and a victory for one. And yet, sad to relate, the victor now stood in greater humiliation than that suffered by the defeated.

Lydia Frances it was who for a brief space had enjoyed the exhilaration of triumph. The school superintendent, Mr. Howe, had called,—a rare event, and a somewhat dreaded one. For, though Mr. Howe was a genial man, he was the superintendent, and every scholar knows what that means. He came in just before the third class in United States history was called. This was Lydia Frances' class, and as it happened, the only one in which she did not stand at the head, having lost that position a week before, when she had been dismissed before the lesson to do an important errand for her mother. There were always a few, however, whose recitations were so uniformly poor that it was no difficult thing to pass above them. So this morning had found Lydia Frances fifth from the head in a class of nine.

It was the teacher's method to ask questions on the preceding day's lesson first, after which the new lesson was introduced. She followed this method to-day.

Never were children more nervous than the four who stood above Lydia Frances, and with reason. They had been out the evening before, practising for a concert that was soon to be given by the village singing-class. As a result, the usual home study bestowed upon the history lesson had been omitted by them, and in consequence of their late hour of retiring the morning had found them little fitted for study. A hasty attempt to 'cram' the lesson had availed to give them little more than a vague idea of its contents. Of all days for a visitor, and for the superintendent, of all visitors! But there he was, and there were they!

They breathed a little more freely as they found themselves able to reply to the first two rounds of questions. But at length the dreaded lesson came. Miss Evans must have known that Jennie Stone, who stood at the foot of the class and who never had her lesson, would not be able to answer the question, 'What were the four provisions of Penn's model constitution?' But she put the question, nevertheless. Jennie shook her head, and blushed.

'Can't you answer, Jennie?' said Miss Evans.

'No, ma'am,' said Jennie.

The question was passed to Flora May Jenkins, who stood first in the row. She had hoped that Miss Evans would call for volunteers, in which case the answer might have been given out of turn, though she was not sure that she knew the remainder of the lesson better. She hesitated.

'Flora May?' said Miss Evans expectantly.

'I—don't—know,' said Flora May. A flat failure! She had not been able to say one word!

'Fannie Sykes,' said the teacher. Fannie knit her brows and studied the ceiling, but in vain.

'Mabel Seymour.'

Miss Evans bit her lip with vexation when Mabel, too, the oldest and the largest girl in the class, confessed utter ignorance, and, dreading to ask Willie Jenkins, who stood next, she asked, 'Who "does" know?'

Up went Lydia Frances' hand. She stood below Willie. But Miss Evans would not pass him without giving him a chance.

'Willie?' she said.

'I—I—forget,' he stammered.

'Lydia Frances,' called the teacher, and Lydia Frances responded in full. Mr. Howe

nodded to Miss Evans in a satisfied manner, and Miss Evans responded with a smile.

'Right!' she said. 'Pass up, Lydia Frances.' And Lydia Frances passed behind her discomfited companions to the head of the row.

The lesson proceeded. Question after question went down the row to be referred finally to Lydia Frances. She stood up as stiff as a grenadier, a little spot of red in either cheek, her eyes fixed upon a stain on the wall behind Miss Evans's head.

Thomas Henry, who was dividing his attention between a plateful of examples and the history lessons, could not refrain from a gratified snort, which he tried to cover by a very loud cough and a dive under his desk for an imaginary pencil, as Miss Evans dismissed the class with, 'Very well indeed, Lydia Frances! The same lesson for to-morrow, "to be learned" by the other members.'

Then Mr. Howe whispered to Miss Evans, the two conversed in low tones for a minute or two; and both looked at Lydia Frances.

Of course it was not in human nature that the other girls should witness all this without a feeling of jealous resentment, though they knew that no one was blameworthy but themselves. Still, there was a coolness during the noon recess that was quite apparent to Lydia Frances, who, not a little indignant thereat, withdrew with Susie Ogden to the shade of the elm-tree, where the two ate their dinner together. Susie was a staunch admirer of Lydia Frances, probably for the reason that she herself was a very indifferent scholar.

'I never see anybody like you, Lydia Frances,' she said, as they talked between mouthfuls. 'I'd been frightened to death to said a word before Mr. Howe!'

'You wouldn't been frightened if you'd had your lesson,' replied Lydia Frances.

'Well, but I wouldn't had the lesson any more'n the others. I don't see how 'tis you always remembers things.'

'O, I have a little trick about learnin' history,' responded Lydia Frances, not a little pleased by her friend's admiration, which was in comforting contrast to the angry pique of the other girls. 'When I have a long answer, like that 'bout the model constitution, you know, that has lots of things in it to remember, I pick out a word to remember each of them by. There's "worship" that means 'bout their goin' to church. There's "tax"; that's 'bout votin' and things. There's "trade"; that's 'bout every child learnin' to work. And there's "prison"; that's 'bout how they punished the bad ones. Then I say 'em over to myself—"worship," "tax," "trade," "prison"—"worship," "tax," "trade," "prison"—till I know "them"; and it isn't much trouble to learn the rest.'

'And don't you forget the words in the class?'

'Mercy, no. I can't help rememberin'. I was sayin' it over in my head to-day before it came to me,—"worship," "tax," "trade," "prison,"—and I just knew I knew it.!'

Susie sighed in her inability to understand the wisdom of her companion. 'It sounded splendid!' she said enthusiastically.

As soon as she was separated from Lydia Frances, who had run off to have a game of ball with some of the smaller children, Susie Ogden took occasion to repeat the story of her friend's 'trick' to the first girl with whom she spoke. Thence it was passed on from one to another, and before the bell rang, every scholar in the third class in United States history had been made acquainted with the way in which Lydia Frances Allbright had achieved her conquest in the morning.

Everybody knows how swiftly a story flies when once it is given wings. A suspicion of something wrong connected with it does not lessen its speed, and that suspicion is not seldom fed by a personal feeling against the principal actor in the drama. The feeling in this case, of course, was supplied by the mortification of the girls whom Lydia Frances had supplanted. The suspicion was furnished by the word 'trick.'

So, when school was dismissed for the afternoon, and Lydia Frances was passing out of the yard with her bag of books, she was encountered by the aforesaid group of girls, each of whom was ready with a sharp word and a sharper look of denunciation.

'Any one could get up to the head by playing tricks,' said Mabel Seymour.

'Yes, indeed!' said Fannie Sykes, who always echoed Mabel.

'I wouldn't have believed it!' said Flora May Jenkins virtuously.

Lydia Frances' steps had been arrested by these remarks, which were deliberately aimed at her.

'And, if that's the way you've got up in all the classes, the places don't belong to you, Lydia Frances Allbright,' said Mabel again. 'We know all about yout "trick," and it's—it's perfectly "dishonest" to play tricks!'

'I say it is not!' replied Lydia Frances, planting herself sturdily, and facing her accusers.

'It is, too!' they cried in chorus.

'It isn't, either!'

'It's taking advantage of us!' protested Mabel.

Lydia Frances could not meet this charge, and as the girls drew closely together and whispered, she flushed hotly. Then, summoning all her courage, she flashed out, 'The way I've got up in the classes 's been by knowin' my lessons better'n the rest of you!' and she ran swiftly by them and out on the road toward home.

At the supper-table that evening, when Thomas Henry began to recount the incident of the morning between bites of hot buttered buscuit, Lydia Frances sent him an imploring glance and a protesting 'Don't, Tom!'

'What is it?' questioned Aunt Susan, who had caught enough to know that the story concerned her favorite niece. Thus encouraged, Thomas Henry went on at considerable length, giving a faithful representation of the other girls' chagrin and of the complimentary way in which Miss Evans had spoken and Mr. Howe had smiled.

'Well done, little girl!' said Mr. Allbright, stroking Lydia Frances' hair, while her mother and Aunt Susan exchanged knowing looks of pride across the table. Lydia Frances' successes at school were a constant source of satisfaction to her family, and this was by no means the first time when she had received the united congratulations of the home circle. To-night, however, they did not make her as happy as usual, and she was very glad when the pushing back of chairs allowed her to escape.

All the next day the trouble haunted her. The girls continued to hold aloof, and every time she saw two of them talking together she fancied that they were discussing her. She had 'taken advantage,' Mabel Seymour had said. Well, that she could not deny. Was it wrong? Perhaps it would not have been, she thought, if she had told the others about it, and had thus helped them to an easier mastery of their lessons.

Her Sunday school teacher, only a few weeks before, had emphasized the duty of helping those not as strong as ourselves. Lydia Frances well remembered the golden text of that day, 'In honor preferring one another.' It had made a deep impression on her mind, for the teacher had faithfully tried to set before her class of little ones the beauty of unselfish regard for others. Lydia Frances was conscientious and imaginative, and much that fell unheeded on the ears of the other children made a deep impression upon her, and was pondered in secret for many a day afterward. She could not help feeling rebuked by this text, as it repeated itself over and over in her mind. Clearly, she had not 'preferred.' She had thought most of herself.

But dishonest? For Mabel had said that it was dishonest to play tricks. Was it? Some tricks, of course. But hers?

The question seemed to be answered for her when on the second day she overheard part of a conversation between two farmers on her way to school. They had evidently been discussing the business dealing of a third man, just as Lydia Frances was passing: 'I don't like the looks of it. He may not be dishonest, but he is certainly——'

'Tricky, eh?' questioned the second man with a laugh.

'Yes, yes!' returned the first. 'Decidedly so. Yes, that's the word. Tricky. Get up!' This last to his horse, which soon took him out of sight.

'Oh, dear!' Lydia Frances sighed, as she went on her way. 'It makes me feel dreadfull I don't suppose it was bad!' And she winked hard to keep back the tears that would start in spite of her.

But as she proceeded, deep in thought and in dejection, she made up her mind what to do. She would go straight to Miss Evans at recess, and tell her all. It was a great resolution for a little ten-year-old girl to form, for she knew that Miss Evans regarded her with favor, and she could but be sure that the story she had to tell would lesson her in her teacher's estimation. But her decision was matured. Come what would, she would put an end to the wretchedness she was now suffering.

Perhaps it would not be necessary to call her act a 'trick,' since people seemed to think that so bad. What should she say? O, she would say that she had 'taken advantage.' That was what Mabel had charged. She thought, as she said it over that it was not more easy to say. Poor Lydia Frances felt an aching lump in her throat as she realized that, put it any way she might, it altered the thing itself not a whit.

When she rushed into the schoolroom, after about five minutes of the recess had passed, she was almost overcome to find Mr. Howe again present, and she would have retreated, had not Miss Evans seen her and inquired whether she wanted anything.

'I—I wanted—to tell you,' going slowly forward, 'that I—I—took advantage Tuesday, and—that—that is the way'—here the brave little voice faltered, and first one brown fist and then the other went up to wipe away the tears that would flow, but she went on, 'that is the way I got up to the head of the class.'

'You "took advantage,"' said Miss Evans, quite mystified. 'I don't understand you, Lydia Frances. You did not look into your book?'

'O, no, ma'am, I didn't!' eagerly.

'I was sure you did not,' replied Miss Evans warmly. 'But what, then?'

Oh! Must she use that horrible word? There seemed indeed, no other way. 'I played a trick,' she said in a low voice, with burning cheeks.

'"A trick?" And what was the trick?'

Lydia Frances sobbed and choked. It was so dreadful, the pain in her throat, and the beating in her head, that she half believed she was dying.

'Perhaps you would rather tell me after school,' said Miss Evans kindly, for she loved the child, and had never found any occasion for blame in her.

'Oh, no!' exclaimed Lydia Frances. 'I will tell you now!' And, sure that, if she waited, she should lose the courage she now possessed, she told the whole—her method of learning her lessons, involving the short cut that she employed to assist her memory.

'Is that all?' said Miss Evans, when she had finished.

'Yes'm,' and then Lydia Frances was surprised to hear a great shout of laughter from Mr. Howe, and to feel herself lifted by his strong arms and placed in a chair by his side.

'You're all right, little girl. Don't cry!' he said. Then to Miss Evans: 'Where did she learn that? From you?'

'Not from me,' replied the teacher. 'As I told you the other day, the child is a born scholar. She is full of original ideas.'

'Why! You've done nothing to feel bad about,' said Mr. Howe, patting Lydia Frances's shoulder. 'You've simply invented a mnemonic method of studying history. You don't know what that means, do you?'

'No, sir,' answered Lydia Frances.

'But I want to know, Lydia Frances,' said Miss Evans, 'what led you to think that your trick was wrong. Did any one try to make you think so?'

'Yes'm. They said it was dishonest. They said that I took advantage of them.'

'Who said so?' persisted Miss Evans, as Mr. Howe repeated, 'Took advantage!' under his breath, and laughed again.

Lydia Frances hesitated. She bore no malice against her tormentors, and, now, that her agony was over, she was more than willing to forget their accusing words. Seeing her hesitate, Mr. Howe said to Miss Evans, between whom and himself there seemed to be somewhat more than the usual measure of confidence between teacher and superintendent: 'Never mind, if she would rather not say. I'll make this all right. Just ring the bell, please.'

As he walked to the window with his hands behind him, Miss Evans beckoned Lydia Frances into the entry, where she bathed the child's

flushed face. Then she kissed her, and said, as she rang the bell: 'Now go in, dear, and sit in the chair on the platform. Mr. Howe and I want you there.' Lydia Frances did so, wondering, but very thankful.

After the scholars had filed in to their seats, Mr. Howe walked gravely forward, and said, 'When I was quite a large boy, going to school, I had one teacher who taught us that it was a very good idea to have pegs to hang our knowledge upon. Now I have found that there is one scholar in this school, and she is quite a little younger than I was at the time that I speak of, who has found out just such a way for herself.' He then went on to explain Lydia Frances's way, and ended by saying: 'She has chosen to call this way a "trick"; but it is a very good trick—very good, indeed. It is perfectly right, and perfectly commendable!' How that big word 'commendable,' rolled out! 'I think that there are certain scholars who are studying United States history who might profitably adopt the method for their own.'

He stepped back upon the platform. Miss Evans whispered to him, and he nodded. 'You may be excused for the remainder of the day, Lydia Frances,' she said. 'We think that you have earned a half-holiday.'

Thomas Henry had no opportunity to inform the family of this day's happy proceedings, for they were made aware of them long before his return home. His version was listened to very patiently, however, at the supper-table, and Aunt Susan concluded the series of comments with the tart exclamation, 'Now see if that Seymour girl'll crow over Lydia Frances again!'

## He Wasn't Ashamed.

A clerk and his country father entered a restaurant Saturday evening and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter. The old man bowed his head and was about to say grace, when a waiter flew up, singing 'I have beefsteak, codfish balls and bull-heads.' Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet, and touched his father's arm, exclaimed, in a low nervous tone:

'Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants.'

'It's customary with me to return thanks to God, wherever I am,' said the old man.

For the third time he bowed his head, and his son bowed his head, and the telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak and bowed his head, and the journalist pushed back his fish ball and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short prayer that didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been president of the United States.—Selected.

## The Report Humorous.

'You don't seem to understand,' blustered the man who was trying to make his point with a university professor. 'I tell you, sir, I ought to know. I'm an alumni of this institution myself.' 'Are you? That's nothing singular,' was the witty rejoinder, uttered so quietly that the blustering man never knew what had happened.

On another occasion the same professor, having ordered from a music publishing house a copy of a 'Valse Impromptu' by a certain French composer, received an 'Impromptu Waltz' by another man. The publishers, when called to account for their mistake, replied rather insolently that they had been in the music publishing business a long time, and had yet to discover the difference betwen a 'Valse Impromptu' and an 'Impromptu Waltz.' Would Doctor Smith kindly state to them that difference?

'Gentlemen,' wrote the genial professor, in answer, 'I have not, like yourselves, been in the music publishing business, and am therefore not fully qualified to inform you, but since, in your extremity, you have appealed to me, I would venture to suggest that the difference between a "Valse Impromptu" and an "Impromptu Waltz" may be similar to the difference between a blind Venetian and a Venetian blind.

'Yours very truly,' and so forth.

## Sir Wilfrid's Boyhood.

The Belfast 'Witness' is responsible for the following:

'There has never been any doubt as to the high-minded character of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He has won the admiration of his fellow-countrymen by his moral power. One of the members of the Canadian Parliament once asked Sir Wilfrid how it was that, being a Roman Catholic, he was so broad in his views. His answer was— "Up to the age of eighteen I could speak nothing but French, and I hired out with a Scotch farmer in order to learn English. Every morning this good man held family worship, and the different members of the household read in turn a verse of the Bible. In the course of time I was invited to remain with the family while morning service was held, and I had every opportunity of judging of the sterling and consistent character of that good farmer and his family, and I must admit that the impressions I there received have remained with me through, life, and hove undoubtedly influenced me more than I know."'

## Wendell Phillip's Apt Reply.

A number of years ago Frances E. Willard made a temperance address in Boston. During her stay in the city, a young man happened to call on Wendell Phillips, who entertained him till late in the night telling of the old abolition days, and showing him relics of their struggle. As the young man rose to depart, he said to Mr. Phillips:

'Mr. Phillips, I think if I had lived in your time I would have been heroic, too.'

Mr. Phillips, who had gone to the door with his caller, pointed to the saloon down the street, and his voice was keen with indignation.

'Young man,' he said, 'you are living in my time and in God's time. Did you hear Frances Willard last night? Be assured that no man could have been heroic then who is not heroic now. Good-night.'

## Respect Your Work.

A boy is usually set to do drudgery when he first begins any trade. He must kindle fires, sweep stores, care for stables, etc. These things are tiresome, and appear to be of little use in teaching him his future business. They are very important tests of his character, however, and he is wise if he treats them as such, and attends to them as though he believed they were of consequence.

A distinguished merchant owed his first advancement in business to the way he attended to mere drudgery. He had to take care of two horses, look after the lamps and care for the horse-sheds. His lamps always shone and gave good light; he kept the barn where the horses were clean and neat; the ground in the sheds was carefully swept every morning, and some loose bricks which were apt to fall down would be carefully piled. One day the head partner of the firm, who lived at a distance, put his horse under the sheds. When he backed him out the horse knocked down some of the bricks.

'Pick up those bricks!' said the man to the boy, who had come to put some packages into the carriage.

That was all the recognition the boy received, and it was the first time that the great man had spoken to him. But the next day the same man came again. He was seen looking about the stable and talking with the manager of the store. In a week the boy was promoted to the charge of a department which called for special faithfulness, and from that time rose rapidly.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

## Meeting and Knowing.

How shall we know temptation when it comes? The answer is very plain. By companionship with Christ. A young man of intemperate habits was converted. A former associate met him and asked him into a saloon to have a drink. He said, 'I cannot; I have a friend with me.' 'Oh, that is all right; bring your friend with you,' said the man. 'No,' said he, 'the Lord Jesus Christ is my Friend, and he will not go into a saloon, and does not wish me to go.' This is the real test. Imagine Jesus with you, your Friend at your side, His eyes upon you—would you do the thing? This is no imagination. It is reality. Jesus is by our side. His eyes do see; His ears do hear; and His heart really cares. And how shall we meet temptation when we know it? In the same way. First, by quickly realizing our relationship with Christ—that His honor is wrapped up in us, that His confidence is fixed upon us; also by wielding strongly the weapon of 'all prayer,' and drawing quickly the 'sword of the Spirit' the Word of God.' Pray as if all depended upon God. Fight as if all depended upon you.—The Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

## A Madagascar Hymn Writer.

In the 'Chronicle' of the London Missionary Society was given an account of the sad death of J. Andrianaivoravelona, the native pastor of the church on the roch, Antananarivo. He was a great hymn-writer, and many of his compositions are widely sung in Madagascar. It is said that he could write one for any occasion, on any subject. The following hymn was composed in prison shortly before his death:

THE HEART IS GOD'S.

Take my heart for Thine, Jehovah,
Oh, my Father and my God,
Dwell within my heart forever,
Of that house be always Lord.
Oh, my Father,
Let it be Thy dwelling now.

Take my heart for Thine, O Jesus,
Oh, my Saviour and my Lord,
'Tis my heart instead of riches
Now I offer unto Thee.
O receive it,
As a willing sacrifice.

Take my heart for Thine, O Spirit,
Holy Ghost from God sent down,
And this heart of mine enlighten,
Cleanse it for Thy temple throne.
Oh, now take it,
Consecrate it for Thine own.

I will never close my heart, Lord,
But will open it to Thee;
To this heart of mine now enter,
Reign without a rival,
Yes, my Master,
Three in One and One in Three.

This saintly man died suddenly in prison, along with a companion ,both of whom had been in good health a day or two before. The circumstances indicated that they had been poisoned.

## About Secrets.

If I were you, Blanche, I would refuse to be the custodian of anybody's secret. When a girl carries you off to a corner, and with a mysterious air informs you that she is going to tell you a great secret, but that you must never, never, so long as you live, so much as whisper a word of it to anybody else, you should simply draw back and say to her plainly that you cannot listen to a secret that must be kept from your mother. You ought not to let yourself be burdened with anything that you cannot repeat to her exactly as it was told to you.

A young girl whose mother is her confidante is very safe. No other friend is quite so near you, or quite so able to give you good advice, to show you the right and wrong of things, and to tell you what to do when you are puzzled. So long as you tell mother everything you will keep out of awkward positions and be a happy girl.

Of course you know that most of these wonderful secrets so breathlessly unfolded in a recitation room after school, or in a twilight talk, or when you are sitting in a kimono with your hair down, ready for bed, amount to very little. They are apt to melt away into thin air in the telling —Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Forward.'

# St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

And before very long he was back, and between them. they gave Jim the medicine. All the long afternoon, they watched there, and no one could possibly have known Mickey, the pugilistic Mickey, had they seen how tenderly he did the Saint's bidding, how tirelessly he poked the little stove, how quietly he tiptoed about. It was almost evening when Cecilia remembered that she had had nothing to eat all day, so she made tea, and they ate the two buns; and when she tried to tell Mickey that they had been Jim's surprise of the day before, her voice broke, and she cried. And Mickey, never having dreamed that tears were of any kin to Cecilia, was awed into horrified silence; but when Jim murmured for water, they sprang to their feet, and Cecilia forgot her tears, as she raised his head to drink.

In the evening, Mickey's mother came in, and she nodded approval at the three bottles of medicine that stood on the table, and the packet of powders. 'He must be a fine doctor,' she commented, 'for no other would be givin' four kinds to one person to be taking.'

When she had felt Jim's head and hands, she lightened the load on Cecilia's heart by saying that she knew Jim was much better than in the morning—she could feel it. Then she cheerfully related the little happenings of the day, and told innumerable tales of people who had had 'Amonia,' and had had a variety of fates. And as Jim seemed quieter and needed less attention, the Saint's weary lids began to grow heavy; the mother-heart within Mrs. Daley's breast saw the tired droop, and she caressingly brushed back the red hair as she said ,'God bless you, Saint Cecilia! 'Twas Him knew well when Jim took you in, that he'd have need of you. If it wasn't fer the washing to-morrow, I'd be watchin' this night!—but do you go to sleep here, and please God Jim will be better the mornin'!' And with that, she and Mickey went away.

As the night went on, Jim grew restless again, and Cecilia took up her tireless round of duties. She listened anxiously for the church bells, and as she counted each stroke, gave Jim the medicine. It seemed less lonely there with the bells to keep her company. And although it seemed she would drop with very weariness, she seemed to grow more alert with every stroke, and she heard Jim's lightest murmur, and his every movement. And when morning dawned slowly, she felt that Jim was better than he had been; he did not talk so much in his sleep, and lay more quietly.

Mickey came again early, and said his mother had said he wasn't to go to school, but to stay with Cecilia. The boys, seeing him go in, felt a pronounced envy that he should be the one to shoulder the responsibility of Jim's well-being. The doctor came again later in the morning, and said that Jim was indeed better, and that as Cecilia had done so well, he wouldn't send a nurse. And she and Mickey, sitting suddled there beside the stove, felt a certain grateful kinship, that they had watched by Jim so well that he was getting better.

XIII.

A WEARY TRUDGE IN THE RAIN.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Daley had sent in at noon some generous slices of bread and molasses, and a taste of cheese, and, almost too weary to eat, Cecilia tried to force down the food she knew she needed. But once, on stepping to the bedside, she felt Jim's head so strange beneath her hand that she bent over him anxiously, and heard a labored, short catch in his breathing. She called Mickey, but dull little Mickey saw nothing, heard nothing. Half-satisfied, she sat close to the bed, but did not even try to eat her lunch. Then Jim began to talk aloud, and to ask for 'Margaret,' and to feel in his bosom for something.

'What do you want, Jim?' The Saint put her arms around him lovingly. 'Tell me, and I'll do anything.'

But Jim paid no attention to her, and as he talked on, his voice grew hoarser and deeper, and afterwards, there seemed to be something in his throat that would catch the words and hold them back.

'What do you think he means, Mickey?' She turned appealingly, and Mickey, anxious as he was to give her comfort, could only answer, 'I wish I knew, Saint Celie.'

But later in the afternoon, Jim stopped talking, and lay quietly; and yet, as she bent over him, he didn't seem to be fast asleep, and his face looked drawn, and a strange something in it reminded her very vaguely of her mother, as she lay in her last drunken stupor. Then Cecilia spoke sharply to Mickey. 'Run, Mickey, and go to the drug store, and tell the man to send the doctor right away. Right away, Mickey,' and with a clenching of the hands, 'even if it costs!'

It seemed as if Mickey had hardly gone, when he came back. 'The doctor'll come soon's he comes back to the store,' was his message.

Cecilia's breath was coming short and fast, and she was clasping her hands nervously; Mickey hardly knew her as he watched her restlessly moving about. Then she sent him for his mother, who came at the bidding, her hair still done up in a red handkerchief, and her skirt thrown over her shoulders, as a wrap. Cecilia simply pointed to the bed.

Mrs. Daley bent over Jim, and for a few moments said nothing. Then she sent Mickey for the doctor.

'I just been, ma,' Mickey's voice was low and strained, 'and he's a-comin'!'

'If we had alcohol I'd bathe him,' she said shortly. Cecilia looked at her a moment, then said quietly, 'I'll be gettin' it.'

'God bless you, child! Have you the nickel? I'd be giving it to you, but the last cent I had went for the bread this day, and my man won't be home this two hours.' Mrs. Daley's voice and face were full of the sorrow she felt.

Cecilia didn't even sob. 'I ain't got no money, but I'll be askin' the man, and I'll tell him I'll pay him by cleaning his floor. But I'll be gettin' the stuff.'

Mrs. Daley rose suddenly, and slipped her hand into the pocket of Jim's trousers, and drew out some change. 'I'm just thinkin' he'd be like to have some in his pocket, and 'tis for him ye'll use it, so 'tis all right! Here's twenty cents, and it'll leave you fifteen for eatin'. Do you run, now.'

The doctor turned at the shrill onslaught, and his face softened as he recognized her. 'I came as soon as I got the message in the store. Little girl, I am a doctor, but doctors can't do everything. We'll try.'

So he left more medicines, and gave Mrs. Daley many and explicit directions. Cecilia felt a sudden wave of fury that he didn't tell her what to do! Why should he tell Mrs. Daley? Jim was her charge!

Mrs. Daley went back to her home to give the children their supper, and then returned. The Saint, huddled at the foot of the bed, sat motionless, her big eyes fastened on Jim, and her hair tumbled roughly about her head. She shrank back from the great slice of bread held out to her, and shook her head. Mrs. Daley stroked her hair back gently. 'Go to sleep there by the stove, little Saint Celie! Else ye'll be sick yourself.'

Then, as Cecilia made no reply, she motioned her into the shop, and whispered, 'If it look like Jim gets any worse, I'll be waking ye.'

'Oh, oh, Mrs. Daley!' cried Cecilia, her heart beating so wildly that she could scarcely speak. 'Do you think that he—that Jim—Jim'll—die!'

Mrs. Daley drew the trembling little form into her arms. ''Tis God as does it. I'm praying he'll live long.'

Cecilia drew herself half-angrily from Mrs. Daley's embrace, and turning her back upon the shop, flattened her nose against the door. There was a cold drizzle falling, and the courtyard was black and still, save for the feeble glimmer that shone here and there from a window. She looked up at the patch of sky to be seen, hoping against hope that she might catch a glimmer of her familiar stars. Were they also too sad to shine?

When Cecilia turned from the window her face was set. 'You'll be stayin' the evening?' she asked of Mrs. Daley.

'I will that!' Mrs. Daley was glad that she could give the child that bit of comfort.

'Then I'll be goin' out!' As she spoke, she reached for her gray hood, and her little shawl, that hung on the nail beside Jim's hat. 'I'll be goin 'to the hospital, and I'll tell Dr. Hanauer about Jim, and if there's any can help Jim, it's him!'

'God bless you, child!' Mrs. Daley's eyes filled with tears. ''Tis a long way, and there's no doctor, sure no doctor like the big ones in the horsepittals that 'ud come down to the Court this night. Ye don't know them, and I do! It 'ud do you no good, Saint Celie! And ye couldn't walk it, anyway, and the horsepittal is shut.'

But Cecilia simply repeated, 'I'm going,' and walked out the door, and Mickey, without one glance at his mother, and without one thought of doing aught but serving the Saint, followed her.

Outside the Court, the streets were brighter, and people were passing. Unnoticed, Cecilia and Mickey trudged on, block after block, scarcely one word being said. The drizzle turned to a steady rain, and the little light shawl, and the thin calico dress were quickly drenched. Her hair, escaping from the hood, hung in stringy, wet locks; her hands were so touched by the cold that she folded them up, beneath her arms, and went steadily forward, never minding the puddles she went through. Mickey, his hands dug down into his trousers 'pockets, and his collar turned up, simply followed her.

Further on up town, the blocks grew longer, and the people fewer, and the lights from store windows farther apart. Instinctively, the two children drew closer together. The wind began to blow, and Mickey shivered, as he half whispered, 'Ain't it awful cold, Saint Celie'

But she answered irrelevantly, 'Jim's awful sick. Mickey!'

Mickey was very tired and cold and wet, and his voice wasn't exactly pleasant as he replied, 'Don't I know it!'

Then Celie suddenly put her cold little hand out and touched his shoulder. 'Yer awful good to come with me, Mickey, but I know the way well, and do you go home, for it's good and warm in the shop.' But Mickey, with something of the chivalry that animated the olden knights, thrust his hands still deeper into his pockets, and answered in a tone that was meant to be cross, 'What do ye think I am I'm! goin' with you, if it takes all night!'

(To be continued.)


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## Round Animals.

'Will you, Uncle Bob?'

'Do what?'

'Draw us some of those lovely round animals.'

Uncle Bob tried to look as though he had forgotton what 'round animals' were like, and said, 'Do I draw animals?'

'You know you do,' said the little girl with the fair fluffy curls.

'But they must be round, like the ones you did the other day when it rained.'

'Ah! Now I remember,' said her uncle. 'Someone bring me a penny then. Now what shall I draw first?'

'A fat frog,' said the little girl.

'I want an elephant,' said Tom.

'A fat frog first, please, and may I have a squirel afterwards?'

'All right,' said their uncle. 'I can't draw them all at once, you know.' However, he was a nice uncle, so he began the frog first. He first put the penny on the piece of paper and drew a line all round it, and then did the eyes and legs, and in one minute there was the frog you see in the picture.

You see the elephant in the other picture and the squirrel were done in much the same way. When he had finished them the boy said, 'I have only one animal and Cis has two. Can't I have another?'

'Another one?' said Uncle Bob.

'Yes, please, and make it a rabbit.'

Uncle Bob thought for a moment, and then he said, 'Why, that is the tea bell. Now, as I have shown you how to draw these animals, I think you ought to be able to do the rabbit yourself.'—D. M. N., in 'Child's Companion.'

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## Maggie's Fight and Victory.

'Hi, there, Meg, hi!'

Maggie Bray came to a standstill, but did not turn her head, and the shout rang out again through the clear frosty air, as the child stood, listening, but moveless.

'Hi, there, Meg, come back, I want you, I want you badly!'

Her lips drew into a tight line, as she muttered, 'Oh, it's your voice, Mister Bob, is it? I thought so, and not a step do I turn for you,' and, clutching her basket of bread she was carrying home from Market-town, Maggie quickly trotted off down the snow-covered road, wilfully deaf to the repeated cries of 'Meg, Meg!' in Bob Bryer's shrill boyish tones.

She almost ran until out of hearing, and some distance from the cottage where he lived, then Maggie slackened pace, and her face grew flushed with more than the mere hurry.

'Maybe I might have turned, but I canna forget how Bob teased me only yesterday. Sulky Meg, he called me then, so let him find me that to-day—but—but—it's true his cry was strange, and sounded scared. Ah!' cried Maggie aloud, 'I know what it was—he must have been alone in the cottage, for I saw his mother gossiping at Dame Joan's, and now it's getting dusk he is frightened. Ha, Mister Bob, so you're a coward, are you, and frightened enough then you'll be, for Mrs. Bryer was settling down to a cup of tea and a long chat, as I could see. 'She won't be home this hour yet!' Maggie laughed—but somehow as she walked along an uncomfortable feeling grew in her heart.

'It's terrible to be nervous!' a small voice whispered, 'and you might have waited to hear if anything had gone wrong.'

'Pooh,' she said to herself, 'it only serves Bob right for calling me names, and my dear mother, who never waits to gossip, will be home from the village by now. I wonder why we didn't meet? She must have gone by the other road.'

'Tut, tut,' said the little whispering voice again. 'You know that dear mother of yours would never have passed by anyone in distress. Bob may have hurt himself.'

'Rubbish,' cried Maggie, 'what silly thoughts to have,' but the persistent little voice began to talk loudly.

'Fie, fie, not to listen to a cry of grief! Are you the little girl who knelt at her mother's knee this morning, and prayed, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us'? Cannot you forgive Bob for a little thoughtless teasing? Are you not ashamed of proving that you really are sulky? Go back, go back, and make friends!'

'But I'm tired,' grumbled Maggie, 'and this basket is heavy.'

Still she heard 'Go back,' and at last the frown fled, her face cleared, and Maggie cried out, 'I am ashamed of my temper, and I dinna mind saying so to Bob himself.' Round she marched, and as fast as her weary little legs would trot, back she went to the Bryers' lonely situated cottage—humming a verse her mother had taught her—

'Oh, you may be young, and not very strong,
But don't be afraid to own you are wrong,
And let the world laugh—for in God's great sight
You have conquered self—and have won a fight!'

Little Maggie Bray was only ten years old, but, fortunately for her, her home teaching was of the best; and although she had, as you can see, a decided temper, Mrs. Bray's wise training had taught the child how to conquer it; so now, she firmly made up her mind to eat 'humble pie' to her little friend Bob, and not even to remind him of his rudeness the day before.

When she reached the cottage, she stood a moment, feeling a bit shy and awkward, until a sound through the open door made her

rush forward, for it was her own name, in her mother's voice, but oh, such a voice of pain, and there, lying on pillows on the floor, was Mrs. Bray, but she smiled up at her little lassie quite cheerfully.

'Dinna greet, dear,' she said, 'but I slipped outside the cottage an hour ago, and I have been so faint with the pain of a sprained ankle. Bob dared not leave me, but oh, it's thankful I am to see you, that he may fetch help, for the foot is sadly swollen, and I couldna have borne it much longer.'

Can you imagine Maggie's feelings—first of regret for not answering Bob, and then for joy that God had made her turn back? Bob said not a word, but just smiled, and hastened off to the village, whence he soon returned with old Dr. Gregg in his gig. Mrs. Bryer, too, quickly followed.

The poor ankle was badly sprained, and the invalid had to be carried up to bed, where she remained some days, and Maggie had plenty of time to become fast friends with Bob, who laughed heartily at her idea of his fright.

'Though,' he added, 'it was sweet of you to come back—for I can tell you, Meg, when I saw you run off, just as your mother was fainting, I was sorry enough to feel it was my own fault for vexing you, and scared I was for Mrs. Bray's sake, not to be free to fetch the doctor. What ever made you alter your mind, Meg, and forget your dignity by returning?'

She flushed brightly.

'Why, Bob dear, I think I remembered my dignity when I forgot my temper. As to what made me—well—I needna say it was Jesus Himself, for He kept telling me how wicked it is to be revenged on anyone.'

'I've learnt a lesson too,' owned Bob, 'and I shan't forget it either.'

'Remember how the careless words
That we so often lightly speak,
May deeply sink into a heart
And sorely hurt the young and weak.'

—Maud Maddick, in 'Child's Companion.'

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

## At School and at Home.

My teacher doesn't think I read
So very special well,
She's always saying, 'what was that
Last word?' and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her,
As slow as slow can be.
'You'd better take a little care'—
That's what she says to me—
'Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find,
Some one of these bright days,
You're way behind the primer class.'
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,
He hands me out a book,
And lets me choose a place to read,
And then he'll sit and look
At me, and listen, just as pleased!
I know it from his face.
And when I read a great long word.
He'll say: 'Why little Grace,
You'll have to teach our district school
Some one of these bright days;
Mother, you come and hear this child.'
That's what my grandpa's says.
—Selected.

## A Game of Football.

It was such a pretty game of football! You have seen your big brother, perhaps, or some other big fellow, running and kicking a great rubber ball, and all the other big fellows running and trying to get it away—you know what a scramble and tangle and pile of boys it was pretty soon!

The game I saw was played by fluffy white and yellow chickens, and it was a Spring-time game instead of November football.

This is the way it was. Little Isabel's mother had taken her down into the sunny chicken yard to see the chickens, and on the way Isabel had picked some blue violets in the grass. Well, these little chickens had no kind, careful, anxious biddy-mothers to keep them out of trouble. They had been born all together in a great box that has a particular kind of name—an incubator—not at all like a nice, old-fashioned straw nest. But all little chickens are very sociable, very friendly; and these seemed to think that everybody who came into the chicken yard had come to help take care of them; and so, when Isabel sat down on the warm earth in the spring sunshine, they ran up to her and then on to her and all over her little lap and stood on her shoulders.

At first Isabel held up her hands to keep them off; but her mother said little chickens could not hurt her, and perhaps they wanted some of her violets.

So Isabel drew a violet out of the bunch and held it up to a little speckled puff-ball that had just jumped upon her arm. Quickly he took it in his bill and ran with it, and after him ran every one of the rest. Up and down the yard they chased, running and flying with their tiny yellow legs and little wings.

Which one finally got the violet Isabel could not see. It was such a scramble and tangle, such a pile of feathers and bright eyes!

Whenever some of the chicks gave up they came over to Isabel for another violet, and then another game began.

There never was a better football. Nobody got hurt! And how excited and happy the chickens were, their little, small chirpy voices sounding like some sort of sweet music.

Seven, eight, nine footballs the little chickens ran and scrambled for, running back every time to Isabel for another violet as soon as the one they had had was captured and eaten.

All that Spring little Isabel called every violet she found a 'chicky football.'—'Little Folks.'

## Our Best Friend.

Many of us have friends whom we love very dearly, and they love us too. But we cannot always be with them; we can only see them and talk to them sometimes.

There is one Friend who is always with us, and we can talk to Him at any time. His name is Jesus Christ, and He is the Son of God. He loves us more than any of our friends do; so much that He died that we might go to heaven with Him. Let us love Him too, and try to please Him.—'Our Little Dots.'

# Correspondence

FROM THE EDITOR.

One correspondent says he would like the editor to write a letter sometimes. Well, as a rule, the editor does not want to take up the space when there are so many letters that have to be held over for lack of room, but there are just one or two things that want saying. When you send in your drawings, don't forget to write your name and address at the foot, or at the head of the drawing itself, as they sometimes get separated from the letters. We have several drawings on hand, and some of them very good, that have no name at all to them. Then, too, some of you don't even sign your letters! Perhaps these are only slips, but be sure to see that you don't make them. One correspondent wants to know what to write about. Why, write about anything that interests you, what a fine time you had at a picnic or a party, what a nice book you have been reading, or what a funny thing happened lately. With all the flowers, birds, animals, and people around you there will surely be something worth while writing about. A great many readers have sent in riddles, and sometimes the same ones will come in again, so if you don't see yours given, you may be pretty sure it has gone in already, or else it is coming. When you send in riddles, though, be sure to give the answer in the same letter, for the Editor's benefit. Someone suggests that we should collect all the questions about the Bible together. That would be altogether too large an undertaking, but we are always glad to see how quickly the other letters can answer these questions when they are asked. Some letters come asking for the addresses of the correspondents. We can not, however, give such addresses to any one, although we like to see the personal feeling of interest that all our correspondents have in each other. There, this is quite a long letter, and we hope you won't forget what it has to tell you.—Yours in the Correspondence Circle,

THE EDITOR.

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L. B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and I would rather live there than in a town or city. I have four sisters and two brothers. One of my sisters teaches school, and one goes to high school. There were flocks of wild geese this spring in our fields. They didn't seem settled this spring. They went north and then came back. I guess they found the lakes frozen over. We often see cranes flying over our farm going from the cranery to the lakes for fish for their young.

I have heard my papa say that Mount Royal in your city was such a nice place. I think I would like to see it.

F. D. (aged 10.)

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R., N.SI.

Dear Editor,—I will try to write a letter to your paper, which I like very much. I have been getting the 'Messenger' for a long time. We live very near the railway and station. This is a very pretty place in summer There are lots of trees near, and a river, in which there are a lot of trout. I often go fishing. Papa has worked on the railway for twenty-three years.

We keep three cows and some hens. Our nearest town is thirteen miles away. I see some very good riddles in the 'Messenger.' so will try to send some.

1. Why do little birds in the nest agree?
2. How do you spell blind pig?
3. Take forty-five from forty-five and leave forty-five.

JOHN A. WALL (age 14).

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M.V., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I live on a farm. For pets we have four kittens, and one big black dog, named Carlo. This is a very pretty place in summer. I have fine times strolling about the green woods. I have four nephews, and one little niece.

My mamma takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to see the letters and drawings from the other little boys and girls. Some of the boys and girls tell which season of the year they like best. I like them all. Each one has its own special attraction.

BEECH-NUT.

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F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and I am in the part second. My teacher's name is Miss M. R. I like her very much. My chum at school is Ruby H. I have a dog, and his name is Darkey. I live on a farm. We have a good hill to sleigh-ride on in the winter.

I like arithmetic best of all studies at school. I like to hear stories read to me. I have a book called the 'Basket of Flowers.' I have had it read to me, and others as well.

LAURA S. (aged 8.)

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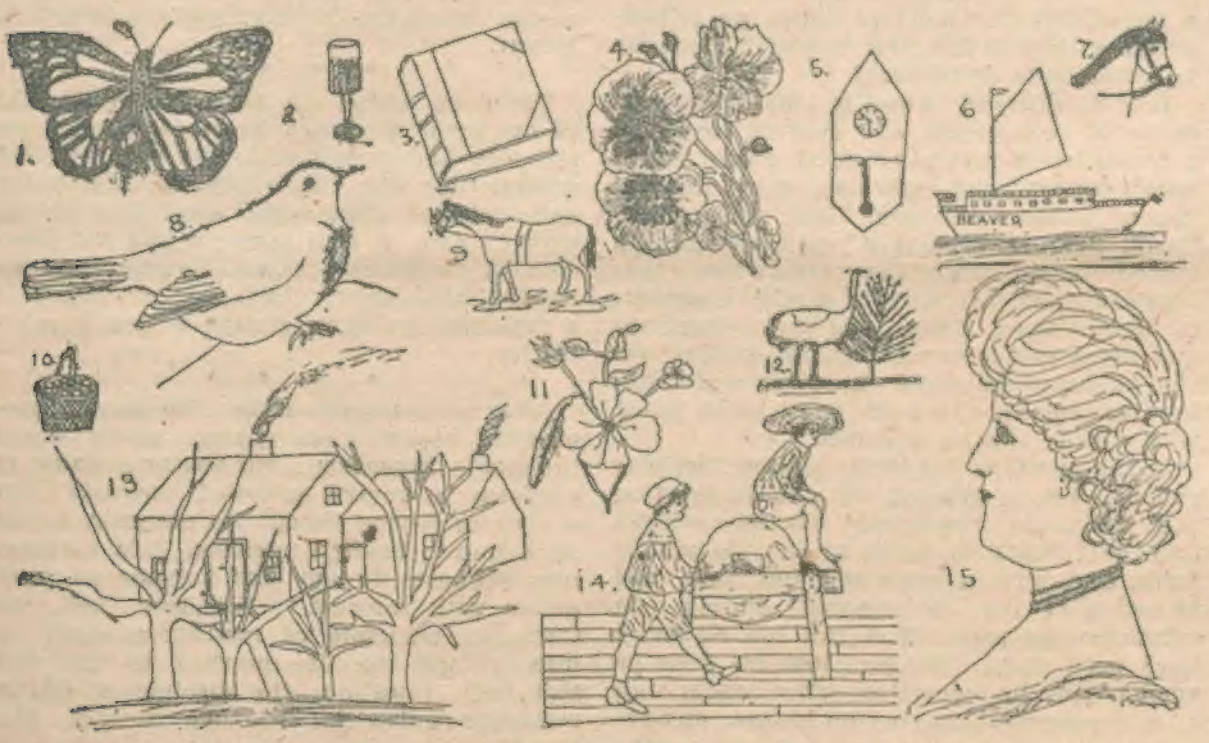
M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—M. is situated on the Georgian Bay, and is the terminus of the G.T.R. The population of M. is about 3,000. It has a fine harbor, and a large elevator, and many grain boats and passenger boats come in every summer. M. has a lot of large factories, stores, a laundry, and two large banks, and a fine High School.

I live five miles from town, and attend school. I am in the fourth class. We have a library in our school, and I have read 28 books, and a number in our Sunday school library.

GLADYS M. B. LOUCKS (age 11).




OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Butterfly.' Beatrice V. Boulter, C., N.B.
2. 'A Glass.' Muriel Barber, M.G., Man.
3. 'Burns's Book.' A Canavan, P.Q. (12).
4. 'Nasturtium.' Ida M. Munro, P., N.S.
5. 'Clock.' Pearl Gilbert (aged 6.)
6. 'The Beaver.' Kenneth Casson, O. S., Ont., (aged 9).
7. 'A Saddle Horse.' Ethel Bringloe, C., Que.
8. 'The Robin.' Rennie Anderson, Sask., (aged 12.)
9. Old Neily.' Bertram Wilson (aged 5).
10. 'Basket of Eggs.' Rosabell Brooks, T. B., Ont. (aged 7.)
11. 'Wild Rose.' A. L. P., B., Ont. (aged 8).
12. 'Ostrich.' A. Gould, H., Ont.
13. 'House in Winter.' M. J. T., C., N.S., (aged 14.)
14. 'Doesn't like his new Suit.' Ira Draper, Q., P. Que.
15. 'Ada.' Margaret C. Nicholson, U. M. R., N.S.


## A STICK-PIN OR BROOCH FREE!!

If anyone knows of a Sunday School IN CANADA that does not distribute the 'Northern Messenger,' and will correctly fill out the following blank, we will forward the sender by return of post one of our beautiful Maple Leaves, brooch or stick pin, free of all charge.

Should two persons send in this information concerning the same Sunday School, we will give the brooch to the first sender, and notify the other to the effect.

.... .... .. .. .... .... .. .. .... .. ..... .... .. .. .... .... .. .. .... .. ....

Dear Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

The Sunday School of.....Church, belonging to the ..... denomination, does not distribute the 'Northern' Messenger' to any of its classes. It has a membership of about ..... scholars.

It has the following officers:—

Name. Address.

SUPERINTENDENT .. .. ..

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 2, 1906.

## Bartimeus and Zaccheus.

Luke xviii., 35; xix., 10.

## Golden Text.

The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—Luke xix., 10.

## Home Readings.

Monday, August 27.—Luke xviii., 35-19; x.

Tuesday, August 28.—Mark x., 32-45.

Wednesday, August 29.—Mark x., 46-52.

Thursday, August 30.—Is. xlii., 1-16.

Friday, August 31.—John ix., 1-12.

Saturday, September 1.—Matt. ix., 27-31.

Sunday, September 2.—Matt. xx., 29-34.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

(Note: For evident reason attention is confined to the latter part of the lesson prescribed.—D. W. C.)

Jericho!—what stirring scenes the name recalls: Rahab and the spies, all saved by a rope of significant color; Joshua meeting the angel with drawn sword; Israel's march about the city to ram's-horn accompaniment; Achan's troublesome wedge of gold and Babylonish garment; Elisha healing the spring of waters; the school of the prophets; not to speak of the Oriental splendor of Herod and his son Archelaus! But for ethical purposes, every other incident connected with this City of Palms must give place to Jesus' interview with Zaccheus.

It was a busy day in that commercial city, the revenues of which were esteemed a gift a Roman triumvir might appropriately bestow upon an Egyptian queen as a love-token. A singing pilgrim caravan from Galilee and Perea was in passage for the Passover at Jerusalem. The presence in it of the Wonder-worker who had so lately raised Lazarus gave an unusual interest to what was otherwise a familiar incident. As it was, the whole populace poured out, and hedged the street on either hand.

The chief collector of revenue heard that Jesus was passing. As he sat there at the receipts of customs, with accounts spread out before him, there was a tumult of conflicting emotions in his heart. We may almost hear his soliloquy, 'Jesus, who spoke the parable of the Pharisee and publican, who has eaten with publicans, who has ordained one to be His apostle; Jesus, so near, and for the last time, too, for the Jews will surely kill Him on this visit to Jerusalem —I will see Jesus!' On that resolution a soul's destiny turns. Daybook and ledger are closed, office locked, and Zaccheus sallies forth.

A less resolute soul, one less fertile in resource, would have retreated before such hindrances. An impenetrable human wall; nobody inclined to show the odious tax collector slightest courtesy; rather to improve the opportunity to elbow and jostle him. But Zaccheus remembers the Egyptian fig tree far down and in the middle of the thoroughfare. He runs and climbs into the low fork of the tree. Doing so, he violates the Eastern notion of decorum, and makes himself more than ever the target for gibe and epithet. But what does that amount to, so only he sees the Friend of Publicans? One smile from Him will repay all.

As the confused sounds of the approaching throng grow more distinct, so does a holy purpose in the heart of Zaccheus. It might express itself in the words, 'If Jesus only calls me, I will forsake all to follow Him.' His master passion, avarice, most subtle and imperious of all, has received its death-blow.

Before he ever left the fork of the tree, Zaccheus was far beyond the young rich ruler. No need of Jesus testing him with the command, 'Go sell all, and give all.' Can this man, whose life has been one of social ostracism, believe his ears? In defiance of popular feeling and established etiquette, does Jesus invite Himself to his home? Will the great Rabbi actually enter a house, the threshold of which no self-respecting Hebrew has ever crossed? Fears He no ceremonial defilement?

It is no mistake. Jesus is looking up with smile of recognition and eyes of love. In a transport of joy this outcast son of Abraham descends, and embraces, in all the fervor of a new affection, his self-invited Guest. Arm in arm they walk toward his tabooed home, while the opprobrium that once rested on Zaccheus falls with augmented weight upon Jesus. Above the confused and threatening roar of general disapproval can be heard at times the clear and ringing indictment, 'He hath gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner.'

In the portal of his lordly manor Zaccheus pauses. He is grieved at the imputation cast upon his new-found Master—grieved that he himself is cause of it. He stands forth, and, with a wave of hand, asks the attention of the ill-humored throng. In substance, he says: 'You call me sinner. I have been such. Having lost all prestige among you by accepting office under an alien government, having no longer any reputation to support, I have yielded to the insidious allurement of my odious position, and have at times made false depositions to increase my revenue. I call you to witness that in every such instance I will make fourfold restitution. When this is completed I will give the half of the remainder to the poor. You say Jesus is going to be guest of a sinner. Granted! But not of an unrepentent sinner revelling in ill-gotten gains. A sinner, yes; but one who brings forth fruits meet for repentance.'

As if to seal this protestation with Divine authority, Jesus lifts His hands and solemnly declares absolution. 'Saved! saved! Both he and his house; because he is a son of Abraham, not only by nature, but by grace through faith. He proves his lineage from the father of all the faithful. You have called him sinner. Well, the very end and aim of My mission is to seek and to save sinners. I call you to witness My success in this instance.'

### ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Zaccheus: His City, Office, Fortune.
2. A Desire, a Hindrance, an Expedient.
3. Jesus' Recognition and Request. Zaccheus' compliance.
4. Popular Disapprobation.
5. Changed Nature of Zaccheus. Evidenced by his pledge.
6. Jesus' Commendation.

### THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Zaccheus was the Benedict Arnold of Jericho and all that region. He was esteemed a traitor to his country, a renegade from his Church. This incident is full of cheer to social outcasts, whether such justly or unjustly; they are still sought of Jesus.

* * * *

His Church is to be like Jesus' self in its obliviousness to public contempt of individuals. Whether that contempt has any foundation in fact or not, it is still an immortal soul, which Jesus loved, for which He died. Let Jesus' Church, like Jesus' self, still seek and save the lost. He resolutely ignored all distinctions of social caste when a soul was to be won.

* * * *

We can enter into social relations with sinners when the end and aim of it is that we may save them. A single courtesy will do what an age of self-righteous disdain will not. It will sometimes convert a sinner from the error of his way.

* * * *

Curiosity may be a means of grace. It is a good thing when the stolid indifference of a community can be broken up, and people inclined to say with Moses at the burning bush, 'I will turn aside and see what this thing is.'

* * * *

Grace was magnified in the salvation of Zaccheus. He was a hardened, money-getting man of the world. As Vallings finely says: 'The corrupt child of an age of corruption and fraud; steeped in an atmosphere of oppression, social suspicion, national aversion; confronted, for the first time in his life, with absolute personal honesty, transparent truth, and singlemindedness—heart and life were changed at a stroke before the burning gaze of Incarnate Honor.

* * * *

Zaccheus drove the nails into the coffin of his dead vice when he made fourfold restitution and gave half to the poor. Sacred arithmetic, this; heavenly multiplication and division! The camel went through the needle's eye. A rich man got into the kingdom. A public extortioner became the free-handed alms-giver. And the cold heart of a rapacious publican glowed with a new affection.

* * * *

After assignment—what Zaccheus's proposition reported on 'change to-day would produce a sensation. No debtor I know of proposes to revive outlawed accounts with a view to paying them. No assigner, as far as I know, having retrieved his fortune, now proposes to pay the balance on each dollar with interest. Yet does not the Christian principle of restitution carry a man beyond the line marked by the civil statutes? Does not the disciple of Christ recognize a law higher than that of the State?

* * * *

Put yourself in the way of Christ's coming. Take some coign of vantage, some sycamore altitude. Get out of! get out of! the din and throng of the world. Jesus will surely note our effort and reward us. Zaccheus needs speak no word; his action speaks louder than any articulate sound.

* * * *

Jesus is still in search of entertainment. He stands at the door and knocks. Alas that, of so many places, it must still be said, as of the Bethlehemite inn, 'There is no room!'

* * * *

O, the solemn responsibility of heads of families! The household usually embraces the faith of its head. We shall measure the exemplary influence of one who establishes and maintains a home.

## C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 2.—Topic—Spiritual blindness. John ix., 35-41; Acts xxvi., 12-19. (Consecration meeting.)

## Junior C. E. Topic.

### A COVETOUS KING.

Monday, August 27.—A covetous king. I. Kings xxi., 2.

Tuesday, August 28.—An unhappy king. I. Kings xxi., 4.

Wednesday, August 29.—Coveting and lying. I. Kings xi., 6-10.

Thursday, August 30.—Coveting and murdering. I. Kings xxi., 11-14.

Friday, August 31.—Coveting and stealing. I. Kings xxi., 15, 16.

Sunday, September 2.—Topic—How covetousness made Ahab unhappy. I. Kings xxi., 1-4. (Consecration meeting.):

Saturday, September 1.—The punishment. I. Kings xxi., 17-19.

## A Child's Thought.

A little boy watched the building of a new house across the street until his father asked him whether he meant to be a bricklayer. 'No, father, but I am thinking what small things bricks are, and yet what a big house they build out of them.' The boy had the true secret of constructing a beautiful or a powerful character. It is by a conscientious attention to the minute thoughts, words, and deeds of everyday life. —Cuyler.

## The Three Rioters.

(From 'Tales from Chaucer,' by M. E. H., in the 'Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.')

In Flanders once lived a company of young folk that haunted folly, and danced and played at dice day and night to the music of lutes and harps and gitterns—eating and drinking more than they could hold, doing the devil sacrifice in his own temple. Their oaths and blasphemy were grisly to hear, and each laughed at the others' sin.

Oh, gluttony, full of cursedness! Oh, first cause of our confusion! through gluttony was this whole world corrupted. Adam, our father, and his wife were driven from Paradise for that vice. For whilst Adam fasted (as I read) he was in Paradise, and when he ate of the fruit forbidden he was cast forth to woe and labor. Now to my tale.

These three rioters, of whom I tell you, long ere any bell had rung 'prime,' were set in a tavern to drink, and, as they sate, they heard a little clinking bell before a corpse that was being carried to the grave. One of them called to his boy, 'Go out, and ask quickly what corpse is that that passes here, and see thou bring his name back right.'

'No need for that, master,' said the boy, 'it was told me two hours ere you came here; 'tis one of your old mates: he was slain suddenly last night, for as he lay stark on his bench drunk, there came a privy thief, that men called Death, who is killing all the folks in the country; and with his spear he smote his heart in two, and went his way without a word. He has slain full a thousand, this pestilence! And, master, before you too come in his way, methinks 'tis as well to beware of such a foe; be ready to meet him—thus my dame taught me, sir.'

'St. Mary!' cried the tavern-keeper, 'the child speaks truth! He hath killed this year in a big village, something over a mile hence, both man and woman, child and hind and page. Sure he must have his very home there. It would be wise for any man to be ready for him before he did him a mischief!'

'Blood and bones!' cried the rioter, who was half-mazed with drink, 'and is it such peril to meet with him? I will seek him out by lane and street—I vow it by heaven and hell! Hark ye, mates; we three be one? Let each of us hold up his hand* to the others, and we'll be sworn brothers; and then we will go out and settle this false traitor, Death! By all the majesties, he shall be killed who kills so many, before night falls!'

Together then the three plighted their troth to live and die with each other as though they were born brothers; and up they staggered together with horrid oaths, as it were tearing to pieces the blessed body of our Lord—Death should die, if they could catch him! Right then, as they were crossing over a stile, when they had gone scarcely half way, they met an old man and poor, who greeted them full meekly, and said, 'Lordings, God save you.'

The proudest of the rioters answered with a sneer, 'What! sorry carle—why art thou all wrapped up save thy face? Why livest thou so long, old grey beard?'

The old man feared their drunken rage, but he answered meekly as before. Steadily he looked him in the face, and said, 'Because I cannot find a man, though I walk into the Indies, neither in city nor in village, that will change his youth for mine old age. And therefore I must bear my age as long time as it be God's will; and Death, alas! will not have my life. Thus walk I like a restless captive; and on the ground, which is my mother's gate, early and late I knock with this my staff and cry, "Dear mother, let me in. Lo! how I dwindle, skin and flesh and blood. Alas! when shall these bones find rest? Mother, with you I'd barter all my goods that in my chamber so long a time have been—yea, but for a hair shroud to wrappen me." But yet she will not do me that grace; wherefore my face is pale and wrinkled.

'But, sirs, in you 'tis unworthy to speak discourteously to an old man; except he do ill in word or deed; for in Holy Writ you yourselves may read that respect is due to the aged, whose head is hoar. Wherefore I counsel you, do no more harm to an old man now than ye would have men do to you in your old age, if ye abide to live so long; and God be with you, wheresoever ye go. I must pass on my way.'

'Nay, thou old churl, by heaven! that thou shalt not,' cried out another of the gamblers. 'By Saint John, thou partest not so lightly from us! Thou spak'st right now of that rascal death, that killeth all our friends in this country. By my troth now, thou art his spy! Tell us where he is, or (and another volley of oaths followed) we will slay thee. Find Death for us, or abide it sore! Sure, thou art in his plot to slay us young folk, thou false old thief!' Then the old man, seeing that they could hear no reason, for they were beside themselves, devised a way to rid him of them.

'Nay, sirs, if ye be so eager to find Death, turn up this crooked way; for, by my faith, I left him in that grove, under a tree, and there he will bide and by no means skulk away, for all your boast and noise. See ye that oak? Right there shall ye find him. Save you and amend you Christ, who redeemed mankind.'

Thus spake the aged man, and the rioters ran forward till they came to the tree he had pointed to, and there, behold they found well night (as it seemed to them) seven bushels of fair coined gold. No longer then they hunted after Death; they forgate the boast and errand. They were so glad at the sight that down they sat beside the precious hoard, and it was the youngest who first found a voice.

'Brothers!' he cried, 'take heed of what I say. I have good wits, though my life be loose! See! Fortune has given us this treasure, that we may live in mirth and jollity. Eh! by all that's good, who would have guessed to-day that we should come by such a piece of luck? But could this gold be yours, carried from this place, down to my house or one of yours (for well I know that it is not ours, this gold), then we should be in felicity; but by day it cannot be! Men would say we were robbers, and we should swing for our own treasure! So we must carry it home by night as wisely and as slyly as we can; and so I counsel that we draw lots, and he on whom the lot falls, with blithe heart shall hie him to the town and privily buy us bread and wine, while the other two shall keep the treasure; and when 'tis night, with one accord we will carry it where we choose.'

That pleased them well, and he held the lots that they all should draw, and the 'cut' fell to himself, the youngest. And he went forth toward the town.

As soon as he was gone, one of the two left on guard spoke to the other:

'Thou knowest well thou art my sworn brother,' he said; 'so I will tell thee thy profit. See now, our mate is gone, and here is gold, and great plenty too, that must be parted among three of us. Nevertheless, if I can shape it so that it were divided betwixt us two, shall I not do thee a friend's turn?'

'I know not how that may be,' said the other. 'He knows well enough the gold is with us twain. What should we do then? What should we say?'

'Shall it be counsel?' said the first rascal. And in a few words I will tell thee what we must do to bring it well about.'

'I promise,' quoth the other, 'by my troth not to betray thee.'

'Now,' quoth the first, 'thou seest we are two, and two of us should be stronger than one. Look, when he is seated, rise thou gaily, as though thou would wrestle with him, and whilst ye are struggling, I will drive my blade between his ribs, and look thou do the same with thy dagger, and then shall the gold be shared between thee and me, my dear friend! Then may we fulfil all our lusts and gamble as we please.'

Thus these two rascals plotted to slay the third, as I have said.

Meantime the heart of the youngest, as he went to the town, was full of the beauty of the florins, new and bright.

'Ah, Lord!' quoth he. 'If only I could have this gold all to myself alone, no man under heaven would live so merry as I.'

And at last the fiend, our enemy, put in his thought that he should buy a deadly drink and slay his two companions. For why—the fiend found him in such living that he had leave to bring him to grief.

This then was his fixed resolve, to slay them both and never to repent. So on he goes, he will tarry no longer, into the town to an apothecary's shop, and begged him to sell him some poison—to keep down the rats, he said. Moreover, there was a polecat in his hedge that slew his capons, and he longed to have his revenge on the vermin that worried them at night.

The apothecary answered, 'Thou shalt have a thing that, so God save my soul! there is no creature in the world that would not die of it, if he ate or drank even as much as would lie on a corn of wheat; and he will die, too, in less time than it will take to walk a mile, the poison is so strong and violent.'

This cursed rogue then took the poison in his hand hidden in a little box, and then he ran to the next street to a man from whom he got three mighty bottles; and into two of them he poured his poison, the third he kept clean for his own drink; for all night long he thought to labor at carrying the gold out of that place.

So when this graceless villain had filled his three bottles with wine he repaired back to his mates.

What need of further words? For just as they had planned his heath, so they slew him, and that without delay. And when the deed was done, thus cried one of them—

'Now let us sit and drink and make merry! and afterwards we will bury him.'

And in a little space it happened that he took the bottle in which the poison was, and drank, and his mate drank too, whereby they both died. and I trow that never even in the most learned works were written more horrors, more awful pains of poisoning, than these two wretches suffered ere their end.

Thus died these murderers, and the false prisoner too. O cursed sin of homicide! O drunkenness, the tomb of wit, the origin of foulest sins and deepest ills—how comes it that any man repays in such a way the mercy of Christ who died for him?

### Afterwords.

Chaucer conveys in this beautiful tale the strongest rebuke against the consuming passion of gambling and drinking, which in the Middle Ages ruined many a noble house, and many a poor family. Men (and women too) would stake everything they possessed, down to the clothes on their backs; and there remain many caricatures graphic and literary of the wretched gambler who had played himself bare in the tavern, where, as now, vice was encouraged in many ways, and where the tavern-keeper often combined the offices of publican and pawnbroker—nay, brigand as well. The Pardoner says he employed this tale with the utmost effect in the pulpit (without of course practising what he preached), and it brought him always a good collection by arousing the strong public opinion among sufferers and penitents.

The three rioters were probably young men of birth, ruined by folly and licence, who, 'rising up early in the morning to follow after strong drink' (say at five), were sufficiently muddled by 'prime' (nine a.m.), to confuse the allegorical mention of Death by a little serving-lad with the proper name Death, not uncommon in some parts of the country, but still able to stumble out arm-in-arm in search of the local scourge. Sobered by the treasure-trove, their frightful end is a culmination of deliberate sin—murder. For why?—The fiend found him in such living that he had leave to bring him to grief, says the old moralist. M. E. H.

* Still the ceremony used in taking an oath in Prussian courts of justice.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## Endeavor and Endure.

(By the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, D.D., in the 'C. E. World.')

While struggling in a maze of doubt,
With sore temptations vexed,
I seemed to hear our Father say:
'My child, be not perplexed.
I'll guide thee with my sleepless eye;
My word is ever sure;
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Endeavor and endure.'

When great afflictions compassed me
And laid my loved ones low,
And filled the garden of my joys
With plaints of pain and woe,
The Father's voice still cheered my heart:
'My child, my word is sure;
Sufficient grace shall meet thy need;
Endeavor and endure.'

'Endeavor and endure, my child,
Along the narrow way.
What though the night be long and dark?
It ends in glorious day.
Go bravely on, and trust my love;
My promisees are sure.
I'm with thee always, never fear!
Endeavor and endure.'

## 'He Knoweth Our Frame.'

I once met a mother walking with a little crippled boy, whose frail limbs were covered with steel braces up to his thighs. He was hobbling along in a pitiable way, but his mother was encouraging him at every step.

'That's good! that's fine! why, you're doing splendid!' she would say, and then the poor little one would try so hard to do still better than he had done; not to show off, but just to please his mother. Presently he said:

'Mamma, watch me; I'm going to run.'

'Very well, darling. Let me see you run,' said his mother, in a most encouraging tone. Some mothers would have said.

'You'd better not try, or you'll break your neck!'

I watched almost as eagerly as his mother to see how he would do. He took two or three steps that did pretty well, and then he caught one foot against the braces of his other leg, and would have fallen headlong over the curb, but his mother caught him and put him back on his feet again.

Then she stroked his hair, kissed his pale cheek, and said:

'That was fine! That was splendid! You can do better next time!'

Just so our heavenly Father often does with us, when we stumble in our hobbling efforts to please him. The little boy's performance was perfect in the eyes of his mother, for she knew only too well the weakness of his frame. In a similar way can the weakest of us please God.— Selected.

## The Mutual Confidence in the Home.

How many a mother, sorrowing over her child overtaken in some disgraceful act, exclaims, 'If I'd only known Mary had ever spoken to that creature!' or 'If Joe had only told me where he was last night!'

Alas! Poor mother! But she forgets the evening years ago, when her little child put a soft arm about her neck, and whispered, 'Mamma, I want to tell you something the boys did to-day,' or 'Mamma, which do you think was right?' and she pushed off that arm, and said, O! don't bother me! It's too hot to talk.'

Or, perhaps, upon the confession of some childish fault, she fell into a passion of stormy denunciation and punished the child severely, when a little gentle advice and warning would have corrected the error and kept open the door of her child's soul.

We forget that we as well as our children are the offspring of the All-Father; we exaggerate our parental authority, and minimize the fraternal relation, the companionship which ought to exist between parents and children. Through fear of punishment and adverse criticism our children grow away from us, seek other confidants, evade our questions, learn to tell us lies (always the defense of a weak nature against oppression) and fall into irreparable evil.

We should respect a child's self-reserve, just as we must abstain from discussing some things before little children; but we can do much to help them to grow in honesty and clean-mindedness by encouraging them to tell us everything which interests and puzzles them.

What, however, will be the influence of that mother whose children hear her deceive her husband; who sends the maid to the door to put off an unwelcome guest or a bill collector by saying that she is not at home; who writes a lying excuse for her child's absence from school?

We ourselves must be upright as well as amiable, truthful as well as tolerant, good as well as gentle, if we hope to make our children so.—G. E. Reilly, in the 'N.C. Advocate.'

## Selected Recipes.

NUT AND RAISIN DROP CAKES.

2-3 cupful butter.
1 cupful brown sugar.
2 eggs.
2 cupfuls flour.
1-3 cupful raisins.
1-3 cupful currants.
2-3 cupful walnuts.
3-4 teaspoonful ground cinnamon.
1 teaspoonful baking powder.

Chop the walnuts, seed and chop the raisins, work the butter until creamy, add the sugar and beat well. Stir in the cinnamon, walnuts, raisins and currants. Beat the eggs, add them, sift in the flour, add baking powder and mix thoroughly. Using one teaspoonful of dough for each cake, shape into balls and drop one inch apart on greased pans. Bake in a moderate oven for about ten minutes.

## Religious Notes.

Mr. J. Blundy, itinerating in the Kienning district of China, showed his lantern slides to astonished crowds. The first night 100 came. The following evening the place was packed. 'Oh, there will be more still tomorrow,' they said. But where would they stand if they came? When night arrived the street itself was blocked with men who could not get in. An idol procession which had been passing up and down the street all day had to take another route. Quite 500 men witnessed the views one night. Some of them held up their Chinese lanterns to get a better view.

Leka, the king of Nukuor (Caroline Islands) after a year spent in study with the American Board missionaries on Kusaie, returned to his people, prepared to help forward the cause of Christ. Though Leka is king, he is also minister and teacher. The people have gathered to his support in a loyal way. His training while at Kusaie was in the Gilbert language, so that he must study his Bible in the Gilbert and then give it to his people in their native tongue. He has taken hold of his task with true purpose, and the people, on their part, are industrious in learning their lessons.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark has recently written:

'To show, by a personal instance, how far petty persecution is carried, I desired when in Constantinople to have a single sheet printed concerning one of the meetings of the coming convention in Geneva, to send to a few of the participants. It had nothing at all to do with Turkey, and all the sheets were to be at once sent out of the country; but, when I took the "copy" to one of the largest printing establishments in Constantinople, they did not dare to print it, because it contained the words "Society," "union," "Christian Endeavor," "demonstration," and others equally objectionable. The censor, I was told, came twice a day, and looked over all the cases, and these words would certainly get the printers into trouble. But what is such a petty annoyance compared with the false accusations, stripes, imprisonments, and barbarities that were never exceeded in the Middle Ages, which our Armenian brethren are suffering?'

The Rev. J. S. Dennis has recently stated that the number of translations made by missionaries covering the entire Bible—including 3 versions now obsolete—is 101; number of additional translations by missionaries covering the entire New Testament—including 22 versions now obsolete—127; number of additional languages into which missionaries have translated only portions of the Old and New Testaments—including 15 versions now obsolete—254; the resultant total being 482, to which may be added the versions prepared by transliteration.

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